

Sweats

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Sweats

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

Microfic from Hildred's point of view. I sigh because I am sweating. I'm not done butchering the blonde woman's body into rare steaks.

- A translation of [Sueurs](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I sigh because I am sweating. I'm not done butchering the blonde woman's body into rare steaks. Orders are pouring in at my tavern. Everybody wants to eat and I have almost no human meat left. I continue my task despite my discomfort. I cut pieces of her legs and arms. Soon, all that's left of the woman is bits of her rosy flesh and bones turned into steaks. I start to cook the meat without waiting any longer. After all, unhappy customers aren't good for business. I hope my husband, Percival, will bring me more bodies soon.

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